**Respite for Eritreana**

Yes, respite

A breeze

A moment to exhale…

To gather thoughts and feel

Feel the freedoms earned with dear blood…

Dear souls

Yes respite,

To feel the music

Traditional music… embracing traditions

With traditional…modern instruments,

Orchestra, with conductors…

In their honor

Yes, respite

To look around,

Gather trinkets, artifacts, historic arts

To take stock of history,

Ancient history, for knowledge, to account for…

To regain loses

To rebuild the destruction anew

Yes respite…

To breeze fresh air

Air of calmness,

Free from distress, imposed distress, undue distress…unwarranted stress,

Free from breeze of negativity,

From schemes and schemers

Free from claimants of all that is good for their evil deeds…

From the flailing weed that claim to belong

Yes, respite…

For the mother, grandma, and sister

To breeze a breath of calm

Respite from the restless, restless-souls… the soulless…

Respite from anticipation and worries

For once

Yes respite…

From greed, the greedy-despotic

From the evil powers…the barbaric

From the dogmas of liars that claim to be democratic

Yes respite…

For the young to learn,

To roam free, play, dance and hop

To aspire, reach for the sky

To embrace the world, fearlessly

To embrace the future that is now…unimpeded

With courage, confidently

Yes respite

To step, the steps of freedom…uncompromised

In a road that is paved with pure blood

Blood aplenty…

For freedom… your freedom

Freedom from fear

Freedom from shackles,

Freedom from dungeons and darkness

Yes respite…

To aspire

To reach for higher goals

Goals…beyond and above

Facing challenges and overcoming odds

Succeeding where all that tried have failed and are failing…

Yes respite…

To reach beyond what is expected…for the dark -race

To be…beyond what they expected us to be…

Above them

In unison

With love

Love of the other

Love of country, our country

Yes respite…

To live life

Life that is wholesome…holistic life beyond strife of needs

Life that is fulfilling without compromises

Life that is charted by and for us

Life that we chose not chosen by others…For others

Life worthy and satisfying…To those who perished so we can…

As we are

In their honor

In a youthful nation

On her twentieth birthday

Amanuel Biedemariam